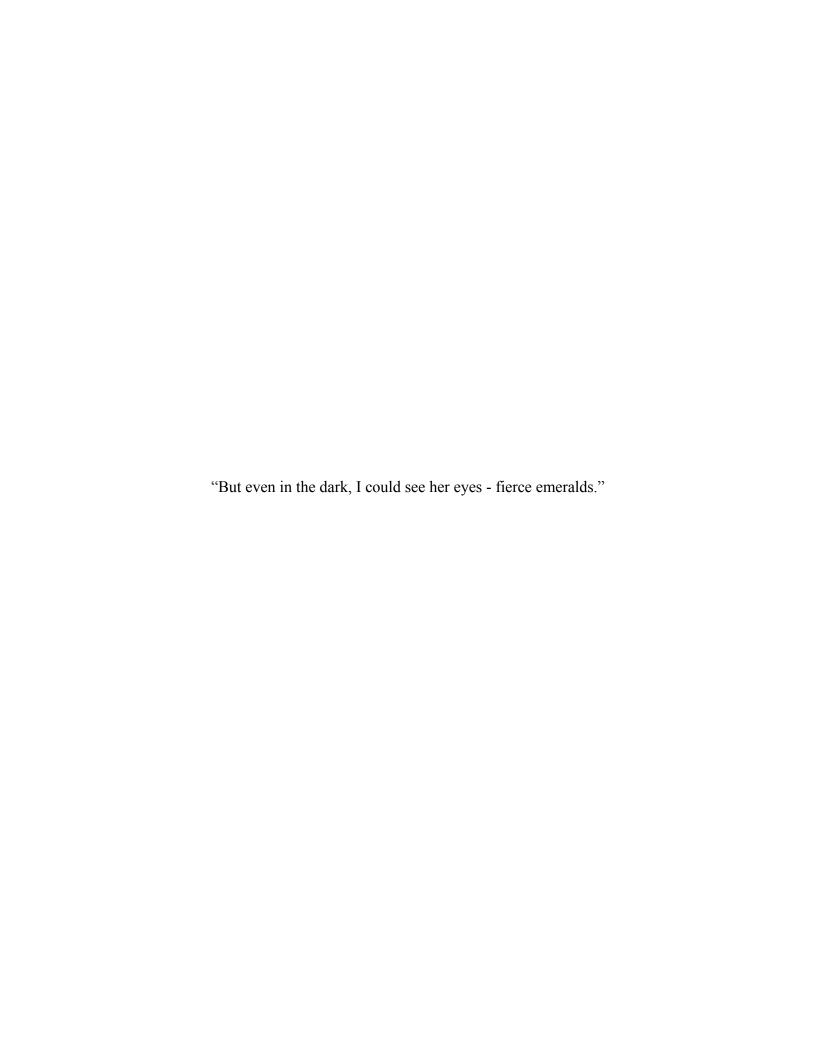
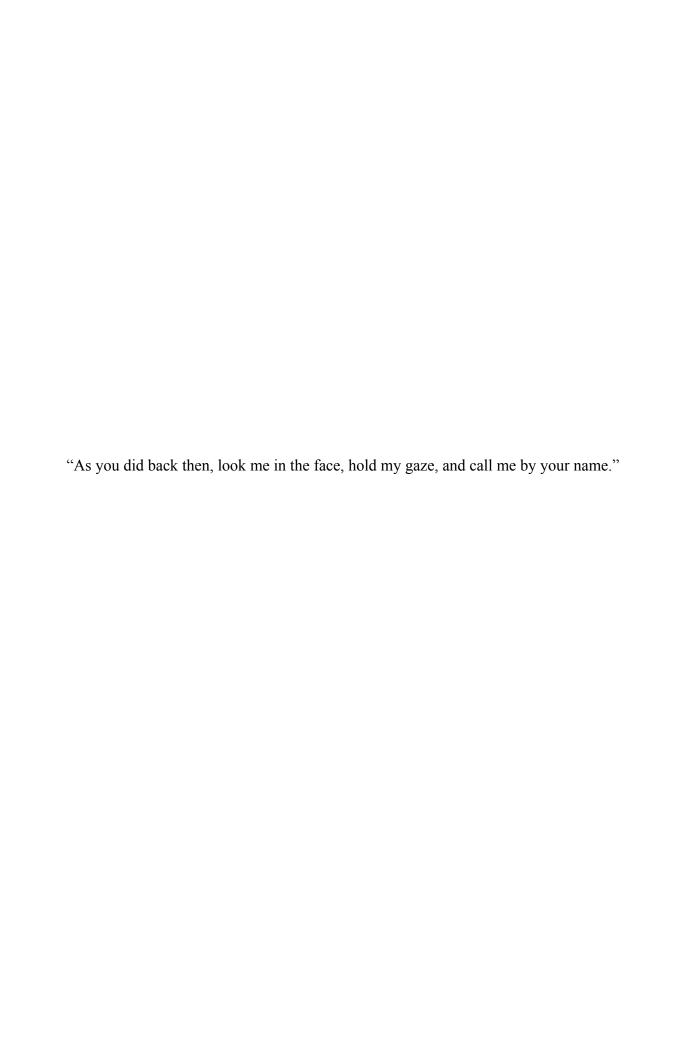


"How will I ever get out of this labyrinth!"

"So what's the labyrinth? I asked her."











"It's not life or death, the labyrinth."

"Um, okay. So what is it?"

"Suffering."

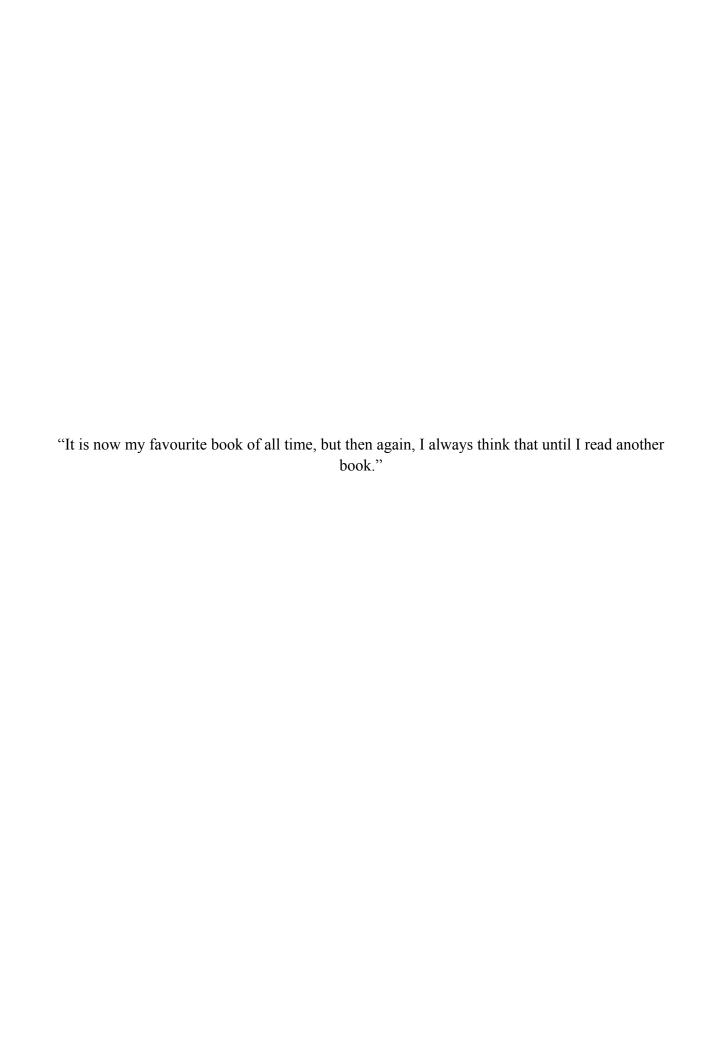
Deep in the meadow, under the willow
A bed of grass, a soft green pillow
Lay down your head, and close your sleepy eyes
And when again they open, the sun will rise.

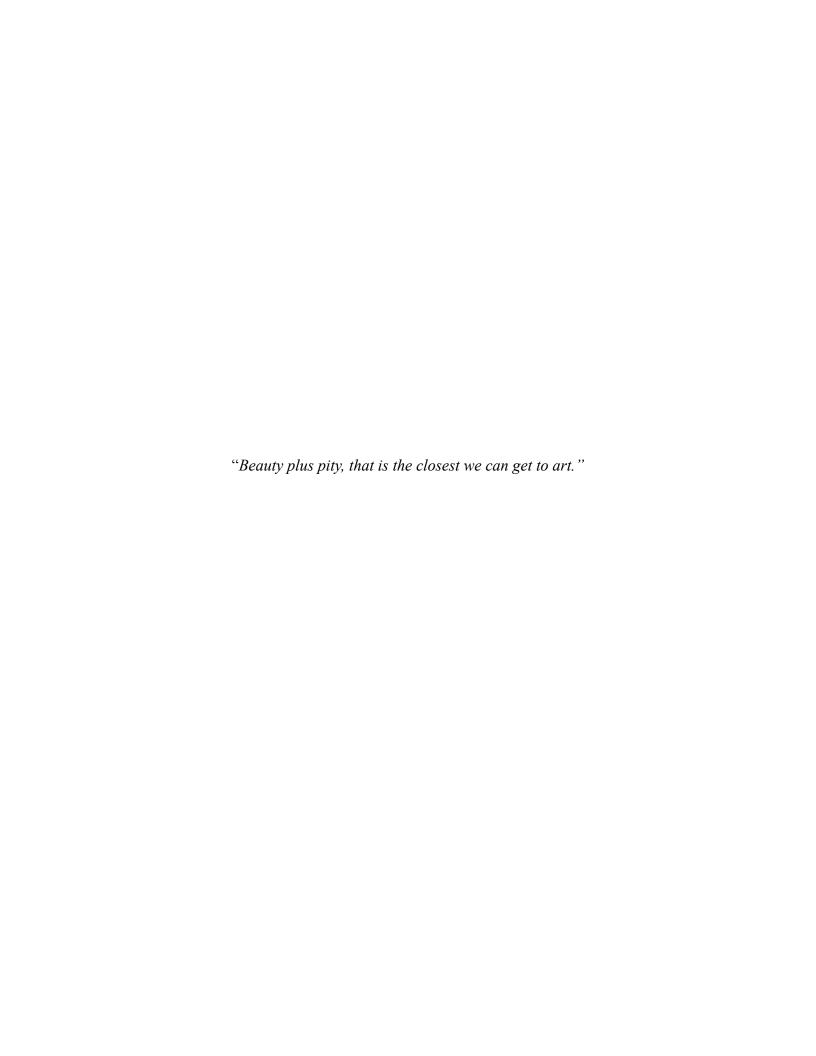




O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes; Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earthy; Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs. She hath no questions, she hath no replies.











"Achilles, it reads. And beside it, Patroclus."

"Go," she says "He waits for you."



